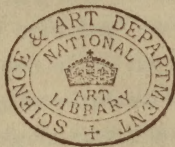


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PROJECTS AND PROSPECTS
OF THE DAY.



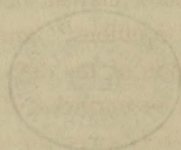
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PROSPECTS AND PROSPECTS

OF THE DAY



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THE PROJECTS OF THE DAY.

PART I.

GRAND projects are now the order of the day. Great Projectors occupy an important position in society. They add to their numbers even without a ballot; they can say, "*we are legion*," and yet the profession is not overstocked. Nevertheless, to become a member of this redoubtable body, requires but a slender qualification or preparation. There is no examination—it is not even necessary to eat one's way into practice. The fate of the diploma depends upon no big-wig's nod—*c'est que la premier pas, pas qui coule*. The projector jumps into action, *in medias res* at once, publishes a glowing prospectus, convenes a public meeting of the friends, &c., catches a noble chairman, engages a brace of vehement orators, half-a-dozen enthusiasts, a *corps of claquers*, gets up a touching appeal to the heart, and winds up with a grand subscription—*sine qua non*. The Great Projector may sit down among the *lions*, he has won the "golden opinions," and put fame enough to windward for the residue of his days. Thus forewarned or forearmed, we need not be surprised if advertisements of new plans, schemes and projects meet the eye at every turn "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," tempting and wooing the spirit of enquiry to pluck them up by the roots, or dive into their several merits. Public attention being now fixed upon two projects—last though not least upon the *tapis*—both seem likely to prosper—*Arcades ambo*. "The Peace Congress, or Universal Peace Association," and the "Great Exhibition of Industry of All Nations." A host of philanthropists rally round the peace-makers, rather encumbering them with help than otherwise; lauding their project to the skies, and

finally setting them up in business not one hundred miles from Exeter Hall. A phalanx of utilitarians, supported by another legion of philanthropists, give their countenance, support, and "something more exquisite still" to the Great Industrial Projectors; thus if signs and tokens can be depended upon, in *mercantile parlance*, both houses will drive a *roaring trade*, when their shops are fairly opened to all the world. This is as it should be! It is only fair that the men of peace should divide the *spolia*—"the sinews of war"—with their "friends and countrymen." Having thus conceded the *pas* to those "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" before I put the metal of their several hobbies to the proof, and ere, "like waves in the summer, when one dies away another as bright and shining comes on,"—better late than never—*carpe diem*—I seize the opportunity, and hasten to secure all the floating philanthropy still at large for another project—another candidate for the sympathy and regard of the thinking and enthusiastic of every land, in every clime, viz., a Universal Language League. The very title is a volume in itself, speaking directly to the heart of high hopes of a "glorious morrow,"—fresh bonds of universal and brotherly love—of links and ties wherewith all the nations of the earth may become firmly united and held together—of a community of thought—unison of souls—the elevation of man to his proper sphere—far above things of *earth, earthy*—of the blessings of universal peace!

The idea of a universal language is not new. "There is nothing new under the sun." Since the great dismemberment of the human family—the break-up at the Tower of Babel—no age was ever better, or more fully prepared for the re-union of the descendants of those scattered hosts of *daring builders* than the present—our own new era. It now remains to be seen and proved whether there are men among us sufficiently blessed and gifted—intellectual "giants in those days,"—competent to achieve this herculean task; to call the people together, and speak to them in a language intelligible

to the men of all the nations of the earth, bonded together, and once more re-united in a Universal Language League.

Five years have now elapsed since an article appeared in a London periodical, from the pages of which I extract the following passages, which I deem to be as germane to the point and as much to the purpose *now* as *then*.

“‘The confusion of tongues’ has, from the earliest ages, been the greatest barrier between nation and nation, the free-man and the slave, the savage and the civilized man, and to-day it is a stumbling-block in the path of the philanthropist, a pit-fall at the feet of the politician, a chilling iceberg before the traveller. Still we are firmly convinced that the day is not far distant when all those barriers which obstruct the free intercourse of nation with nation, and man with man, will cease to exist. But ere we look to the grand results of such a happy consummation, let us contemplate the means whereby this may be brought about. We live in a new era. This is the locomotive, or, as Brother Jonathan has it, the ‘go-a-head age.’ Steamers traverse the ocean, railroads the earth, the distance between the centre of civilization and the remotest parts of the earth, New Zealand and London, Indus and the Pole, seems to decrease daily. *Hey presto*, we are transported from the midst of busy-bustling scenes of civilized life and *set down* amidst a barbarous people, the inhabitants of *savage wilds*. The difficulty of transit and immediate communication is overcome; let us prepare ourselves for the carrying out of *a plan*, which the close contact of the black, white, yellow and brown skinned children of Earth (I had nearly forgotten *the red men of the west*), the promiscuous meeting and intercourse between the people of every nation on the face of the earth demands, and without which, ‘*confusion worse than confounded*’ is inevitable.”—*Traveller’s Magazine*, 1845.

Having already given the presidency to the great projectors, I mean to glance at their plans and crotchets—satisfy my mind as to the soundness of their boilers and machinery, and, if convenient, make an experimental trip in that beautifully got

up boat, "*The Peace Congress*," before I launch my own CLIPPER, and embark upon my voyage of discovery. Therefore, *revenons a nos moutons*, the founders of the Universal Peace Society or Association. Hear Mr. Cobden; hear *friends* Bright, Sturge, Burritt, and the rest of the leaders of the peace movement, haranguing their admirers and the public in Exeter Hall and elsewhere by the hour, the last speech longer or more vehement than the first, and from an ocean of verbiage, let us fish up the pearl of their intent, for the gist of the matter lies in a nut-shell; viz., *a word* instead of a blow: or, to secure to us and our heirs for ever—peace, by getting rid of standing armies and armaments of all sorts,—“scoundrel cannon,” “vile guns,”—amicably settling international differences by arbitration (a stronger method than the present milk and water practice *of mediation*).

At a meeting of the Peace Congress Society, or of the members of the Peace Congress, held in Exeter Hall, October, 1849, and at which, *deputations* from France, Belgium, America, and the lately *squashed* kingdom of Hungary, attended. The great guns upon the platform opened their fire as usual upon the old dynasties of Europe; the iniquities, backslidings, and misdeeds of several crowned heads were duly exposed, and the steam of virtuous indignation rising still higher, the Emperor of Austria and the Czar blown up *sky high*. “A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger,” saith the proverb. A professional peace-maker should “moderate the rancour of his tongue,” if, indeed, he ever expects to conquer by that slippery weapon, or hopes to see a crowned head bending down and *louting low* to the broad-brimmed castor *set upon a pole* by the peace-makers. If the old dynasties are to be stripped of all the pomp and circumstance of war which surrounds them, their armies disbanded, their ships of war broken up, it might be as well to woo them to make such sacrifices in a softer strain. If the result of the experiment to laugh, shame, ridicule, or frighten the several poten-

tates out of *their forces* fail, what's to be done? "It would be well done to bell the cat," said a clever mouse at the general meeting of the mice. "Aye, but who is to do it?" responded a grey whiskered cheese-nibbler, at the other side of the corn bin. It would be a good deed if some one of the members of the Peace Association caught hold of the Czar by the button, and compelled him to hear a great many disagreeable truths, or a tithe of what the peace-makers at Exeter Hall say, or have said of him behind his back. But who is the chivalrous peace-maker (Dr. Wolff always excepted) would dare to beard the lion or lions in their den, and not having the fear of *the knout*, the *dark mine*, *Spielberg*, the *well of centipedes*, the *red-hot oven*, the *triangular cowhide* before his eyes, boldly dare to stir up with a *long pole* the surly Czar—twit the Emperor of Austria—flout the King of Bokhara—chafe the King of the Cannibal Islands—or tweak the proboscis of the fire new Emperor of Hayti. "In truth not I." But if those unpleasant and odd jobs must be done, let them be done *en grande*. There is safety in a multitude. Let strong deputations, armed with strong arguments—brass in their faces, and tin (gold) in their hands—be despatched to the courts of Kings and Emperors. Once *en route*, the harbingers of peace will be well received, handsomely treated at the different towns and cities through which they pass, or sojourn an hour or a day; there will be a great deal of junketing toward, and albeit men of peace, the members of the several deputations will live *like fighting cocks* by the way. The pleasures of such a tour is sufficient to soothe the wounded spirit under defeat—

"To fail and fall in great attempts is glorious,
Said *lord knows who*—perhaps the Great Unknown.
Fame buckles up the beaten and victorious,
Immortalizing e'en the overthrown.
Thus one gets celebrated—one notorious; &c."*

* Scio, a poem, &c.

As a matter of course the high game must be flown at first. The eagle, and the double-headed eagle, brought down from their lofty eyries; and once bagged, the game is in the hands of the peace-makers. Who knows what effect the small shot of Friend Bright and the arguments of Mr. Cobden may have upon the great Autocrat of the North when they come to close quarters? Great Nicholas is only a mortal. He has his weak and vulnerable points. His subjects and serfs think him something more than a demi-god. If Friend Bright and Cobden fail to move his obdurate soul; if there is ever a Yankee in the company, let him try the effect of *soft sawder and human nature* upon the head of the Greek Church. Let Ehu or Jehu Burritt tell him that he is destined to be the "light of every Church as well as his own; that Julius Cæsar could not hold a candle to him, that Charlemagne was a fool to him, Buonaparte a ninnyhammer, the lustre of whose fame looks like the twinkling of a farthing rushlight beside the electric light of his great Nicholas's glory and renown." *Go-a-head!* Tell him that he who can rule all Europe and a good slice of Asia *with his nod* can very well afford to dispense with a standing army—an idle, good-for-nothing set of fellows, who could be employed upon his great railways and Siberian *diggings* with great advantage. Who knows what whim or fancy may seize hold of as eccentric a despot as ever wore a crown?

"Since in the woods the naked savage ran."

He may enter with wild enthusiasm into all the projects and views of the peace-makers, disband his army, send his Cossacks to cultivate their steppes, don a broad-brimmed beaver, a suit of drab, turn missionary of peace, out-Herod Herod, outtalk Mr. Cobden, ramp and rant his hour upon the stage or platform in Exeter Hall. *Truth is stranger than fiction*, and more improbable events have come to pass. Great will be the triumph of the peace-makers when the bell-wether having been gotten through the gap the rest of the flock of crowned (and horned) heads follow the leader—the Poten-

tates of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the Presidents of Republics, better late than never acknowledge their follies, and atone for their sins by disbanding their armies, beating swords into ploughshares, spears into pruning-hooks, helmets and cuirasses into pots and frying-pans, gutting ships of the "*scoundrel cannon, vile guns, villanous saltpetre.*"

But what's to be done, and what's to become of all those disbanded warriors? Make colonists of them! Poh. "That may do for the marines" and the veterans, but I doubt me much if the young fellows will quietly turn round, and quit for ever the pomp and circumstance of glorious war for the smockfrock and plough tail. Pause, then, ere ye cast loose upon the world a few millions of fighting men. They may band themselves together, elect chiefs, officers, despots; march upon towns, sack cities, ravage the country. You will say disarm them; but they can get arms again where arms are made. Suppress these manufactories, impose penalties upon armourers. Do so; but even implements of husbandry, yea, even sticks and stones become ready and available weapons in the hands of determined men of desperate fortunes. I think I have gotten the peace-makers upon the horns of a dilemma, and while they are attempting to extricate themselves let us turn to another grand project, and something more tangible than a day dream.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.

PART II.

RESPECTING the originality, the novelty, and utility of this grand conception, there can be *but one opinion*, nevertheless the triumph would be greater were we better prepared to receive and welcome the influx of foreigners, which the universal reputation of this great exhibition will, doubtless, ere long draw to our shores—even from the uttermost parts of the earth—specimens and samples of the industry of all nations can readily be conveyed hither from the four quarters of the globe. The business part of such transactions will, doubtless, be performed by competent agents, to whom *the natives* will gladly confide their goods; but should the afore-said natives of ice-bound shores, of burning sands, Caucasian heights, boundless Steppes, lone sea-girt isles, dense woods, and prairies wild, be tempted by the allurements of safe and speedy passages, to visit us in considerable force, London will bid fair to change its name for the title already bestowed upon it by some, viz.—“The Modern Babel.” The meagreness of the stock of foreign languages, of French, German, Italian (putting all other languages aside) we possess, can be quickly discovered by any one, foreigner or not, who desires to “spy out the nakedness of the land,” in this direction. He has only to begin with the shopkeepers, and entering all sorts of shops, inquire the prices of goods exposed for sale, using either of the above-named languages; he will rarely find the label with *ici on parlé Française*, hung up

in the shop windows between Hyde Park Corner and Mile end, Islington and the Elephant and Castle, Hackney Wick and Turnham Green; in the public conveyances, in lodging houses, and in the hotels, (save those semi-foreign establishments about Leicester Square), he will find how difficult a matter it is to make himself intelligible to the Londoners, save by signs and tokens. That many of our visitors will be sadly inconvenienced, and even disappointed, on this ground, cannot be denied—they will exclaim, in a variety of languages, “how is this?—here we are in the famous city of London, the grand emporium of the trade of the world—we have come from afar to see the Great Exhibition of Industry of all Nations, in the centre of civilization, and yet we are reduced to use the stratagems and signs adopted by shipwrecked mariners, cast upon some barbarous coast, endeavouring to make known their wants, while communicating with the savage and suspicious inhabitants, holding up pieces of silver, gold, or trinkets—then pointing to their mouths—slapping their stomachs—turning empty pouches upside down—thus using all the gesticulations and dumb show which their dire necessities and the urgency of the case may dictate. Between barbarism and civilization is but a step—verily, *les extremes touche*. The trading portion of the community who study their own interests, and the comfort and contentment of their foreign customers, should lose no time, but giving their earnest attention to the subject, begin at once, and with *a will* to acquire some knowledge of foreign languages. Adult evening schools, or if *institute* sounds better than schools, institutes might be opened for this purpose in every principal, or leading street in London, and in the suburbs. The early closing system is favourable to this plan. Young shopmen and women, following the example of their employers, could devote an hour or two to the acquirement of a language which might enable them to ease a flock of foreign *summer birds* of a few golden feathers; thus, even in a

trading and mercantile point of view, the amount of *business done*, would cover the outlay and expenditure, and, perhaps, leave a balance-in-hand not to be despised. If a meeting of gentlemen or principal tradesmen and shop-keepers in every leading street were held, and a chairman or president duly elected, a subscription (*sine qua non*) set on foot—a large room, or several rooms rented—masters and teachers hired—and the inhabitants of the street invited to attend and join the classes, matters would go on swimmingly, and much progress be made even before the eventful 1851. But if this plan is distasteful to *the masses*, and those who say, “*if ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise*,” as a *dernier resort*, a *handbook* of hieroglyphics, or pictorial guidebook, might be *found beneficial*. I would begin a work of this nature with a table of cab and omnibus fares to and from the various parts of the metropolis. A series of miniature engravings of the principal public buildings, bridges, and railway stations—a cockney finds it no easy matter to keep the rapacity of the cabman within bounds. How can a hapless Arabian gentleman, amiable Mallygash, or peaceably disposed Crim-Tartar, hope to deal with this highwayman upon fair and equitable terms. But if the foreigner can boldly point to London bridge, then put a finger upon the *locale* of the great exhibition of industry—put the number of silver shillings and sixpences, fourpenny and penny pieces, delineated between those two given points, into the driver’s *itching palm*, he may snap his fingers if said driver be not satisfied; or better still, appeal to the next policeman, or *street orderly*—anon, an insight into the price of lodgings might be sketched, a view of the exterior of a private lodging-house and an hotel; the price per day and per week being given, in the likeness of the veritable coins of this realm, and to prevent mistakes, of *their exact size*. Living might next be essayed. The sketch of an English breakfast—a spritedly drawn teapot—modest looking cream-jug—a quiet egg or two—an unmistakeable loaf and

simple pat of butter — and if a mutton chop, a steak, a plate of ham, be added, with a slight touch of *brown madder* and Indian red, the extra shilling or sixpence should be tacked on. The sketches of other meals would afford scope and a new field for artists to work upon; while in the articles of dress, tailors would come forward with their lists of *ruinous* prices to be attached to these “pencillings by the way,” in which full-dress, military, pilot, shooting, great and over coats, would absorb a good deal of the foreign visitor’s attention. Dress-makers and milliners would readily afford a page or two from *La Belle Assemblée*, while the importunate bonnet trimmers of Cranbourne Alley would furnish a pleasing variety of drawings from the best drawn bonnet down to the old English poke, all duly labelled and ticketed for sale at the lowest figure; in like manner, all sort of miscellaneous articles of British manufacture might be neatly depicted, from a needle to an anchor, from a minnikin pin to a steam engine—a thimble to a spinning-jenny—from a stay-lace to a ship’s cable, &c. A good map or two would add to the utility of the work, and I am convinced, that with such a book in his hand, even a Circasian or a citizen of Japan or Timtuctoo, might get on pretty well in London, and save his friends and the never-sufficiently-repaid-by-thanks tribe of *bear leaders*, a world of trouble and anxiety. Once within the walls and precincts of the great exhibition of industry, it is to be hoped that the visitor will find himself at home, and be recognized and taken by the hand by one of the several agents or interpreters brought hither from distant climes, to aid his compatriots under such circumstances—escort them through the vast halls and grand apartments, in which the visitor will not fail to recognize the products of his own land, piled up in *goodly row*, for the benefit, amusement, and instruction of the *motley crowd* of *citizens of the world*, slowly circulating in living streams through this centre of universal attraction.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE LEAGUE.

PART III.

IN all human probability it will be within the walls, under the roof of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations (when this great reunion, this meeting of the children of the long separated sons of Adam takes place) that the want of a universal language will be most keenly felt by the divers members of the great human family there congregated together; and probably for the first time, men will begin to give their serious attention, and turn the tide of their thoughts into this channel. Necessity is the mother of invention. Wise heads will be laid together—brains will be set to work. The age of miracles is past and gone. The gift of speaking several tongues no longer falls from Heaven upon men; more than eighteen hundred years have elapsed since that day of Pentecost upon which “a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind filled the house in which the Apostles sate, and the cloven tongues of fire sate upon each of them,” and the gift of tongues was bestowed by the Almighty, to the end that “Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrigia and Pamphilia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians,”* might hear in their own languages of the wonderful works of God. Had Christian ministers in after ages spread themselves abroad, and preached the *word* to all nations and every people in their own tongue great would have been the march of Christianity

* Acts, chap. 2.

Mahomed would have lived and died in obscurity. The pure peace-breathing spirit of Christianity would have supplanted the bloodstained idols of Juggernaut and the victim-laden waters of the lotus-crowned god Ganges. If that glorious news for all nations, if the dove bearing the olive branch of peace to all men, if that harbinger of Christianity had never been *stayed* and *trammelled* in Rome, her olive branch entwined by the hands of priestcraft around the vestiges of idolatry and paganism—had the Gospel been preached throughout Asia and men been converted—had not all Europe—had not all England been under the shade of the Roman *Upas tree* for centuries what great things might not the ministers of our church have accomplished? Were we not under that *influence to-day*, still dreaming of *the past glories of Rome*, what great things might not the sons of the nation called the *Sovereign of the Sea*, and upon whose empire the sun never sets, achieve for humanity, for Christianity, for God and men? Ask our clergy—ask the men who have been educated in our schools, who have been cloistered up in our colleges and universities, what have ye been doing—what have ye done? “We have learnt Latin and Greek, and as most excellent *Romans* and *Grecians* we have taken our degrees; we have devoted some time to science, been ordained,” &c. Will the old defunct *languages of Rome and Greece* enable ye to speak to the Persians, Turks, Indians, Chinese, or to the natives of Central Asia, or those nearer home, to convert, instruct, and awaken the heathen? “Assuredly not.” Then, *cui bono*, for what have ye been wasting *the midnight oil*? What’s old Rome and Greece to you that you should still sacrifice, or have sacrificed the prime, the *spring tide* of your lives in the close examination of those hackneyed relics of paganism and idolatry? “Our fathers did so before us.” Your fathers also jogged along very indifferent highways and byeways. Why do you not follow their example in that also, and abjure the innovation of railroads? Go a

few hundred steps *en arriere*, and behold your fathers painting their legs and arms with *red and yellow ochre*, adorning their shoulders with a sheep, or, mayhap, a wolf's-skin—why abandon such a *degagée costume*? “It is no longer consonant nor suitable.” Then the very same answer is applicable to the *Latin and Greek incubus*, that heavy skirt of old Rome, beneath which not merely the youth, but almost *all the talents of England* have been so long half-smothered. But too many can speak feelingly upon this subject, and exclaim with me—“We look back with deep regret upon the days, months, and years, which we now regard as lost, sacrificed, while plodding round the dull routine of schools, receiving what is called a classical education; had a fourth of ‘the time profusely squandered there,’ committing to memory ‘line upon line,’ and page upon page of Latin and Greek, translating those languages into English, and *vice versa*, always under pain of being well switched, in case of forgetfulness or inattention—had a fourth part of the time thus consumed, been given up and devoted to the culture and acquirement of living tongues, what troubles, inconveniences, and heart scaldings would we not have been spared in our wanderings over many lands.” It is seldom convenient for a man who has once entered into the world, or plunged into the busy scenes of life, sole manager of his own affairs, to sit down and attempt to acquire living languages, the mind perplexed, and perhaps harassed the while with other cares, cannot be easily detached from the business, the working machinery of the day, of which it is now a part, or closely connected—an humble wheel—an eccentric—a lever, or a governor. The memory may receive the impression, but it does not retain it as it was wont to do, when its tablets were fresh and less crowded; nevertheless, better late *than never*—we cannot go back to our school-boy days—(*nil desperandum*)—we must strain a point, and when not merely our own interests, but the cause of humanity is at stake, sit down to our lessons again, *da capo*. I know not

how the heads of colleges and universities will stomach the following extract, in giving which, as I mean no offence or disparagement, I presume they will receive in good part. "We take it for granted that the majority of the men who enter our universities, intend to follow or adopt learned professions—and their several professions being already overstocked, the mass of those college-bred erudite men, soon find out that the value of a profession lies in its *name*. Some exchange caps for wigs, and attempt to eat their way into practice at the bar—not a few turn soldiers—some enterprizing spirits go to the colonies—many volunteer into the church militant, glad to be permitted to do duty for the honour and glory of being seen in reading-desk or pulpit. Thus, the majority of these University men seek, and actually *want*, some gentlemanly if not lucrative employment or occupation.

Granted that we have a stock of *Alma Mater's own raising* sufficient to fill up all the vacancies that may occur in the learned professions for the next twenty years—some will say forty years. We like to be rather under than over the mark, say *ten years*. What then? Let the present courses of reading and the study of *classic lore*, the grinding of dead languages, be suspended for *ten years*, and in lieu of the said venerable school and college courses substitute *new ones* for the acquirement of the living languages of earth. But if ye, "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," provosts, professors, fellows, schoolmasters, exclaim with one accord, *cui bono*, innovation, violation, profanation. In reply to your ghostly remonstrances, we shall content ourselves by saying it is high time "a change came o'er the spirit of *your dream*"—"(*appellatè Cesario*.)" We appeal to the public. Is there not wealth enough, power enough, and a will among the people *to go through* with any undertaking within the grasp or reach of mortal men, or that man is capable of accomplishing by straightforward, fair, and honourable means?

A glance at our institutions, trade, those realms upon which the sun never sets, suffices ; and in full confidence that any plan or project bids fair to ameliorate the condition of man in every clime will meet your approbation, we give you the outline of a plan which may be deemed visionary by some—not impracticable by others. Fulton was deemed a visionary by Napoleon when he rejected his steam engine, while he to whom we are indebted for the application of the gas that lights our streets was supposed to have received so much of the *new light* that *his friends* deemed it prudent to send him to a lunatic asylum. In earlier ages the inventors of anything new, the promulgators of anything extraordinary, were supposed to deal in *the black art*, and if not burnt for witchcraft or sorcery, persecuted like the inventor of printing at Mayence ; even in this enlightened age that celebrated man, Dr. Faustus, is invariably coupled with his satanic majesty. But to the point. Let new schools, new colleges, new institutes be established throughout the land ; invite professors and teachers and masters of every language to visit our shores, and instruct this and the rising generation. This difficulty being in some measure achieved, the machinery put into working order, *convoke a solemn assembly*, call together the wise men, grammarians, writers, from the north, south, east, and west, to London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna ; and let those wise men confer together, and frame a new language, destined to become *the universal language*. Let this new language be inculcated and acquired in our new schools and institutes. Send forth teachers and missions to all lands, that every people may thus acquire *the universal language* through the medium of their own, and thus a great and wonderful change in the social state and condition of man will be brought about, for when the veil of ignorance drops from the eyes of the savage he will perceive that he is naked, and hasten to clothe his outward and his inward man with fitting raiment, and the galling yoke of despotism, bigotry, and su-

perstition drop from the necks of every despot-driven, priest-ridden people when they look upon the broad banner of a free press.”*

It is at a spontaneous re-union, an aggregate meeting of the wise men of every land that a question of such momentous import as the adoption of a universal language can ever be fully and freely discussed, and a just conclusion arrived at, leaving the question of the invention of a *new* language in *abeyance*. Ere the spirit moves the wise men of the earth to hold their grand language congress, *faute de mieux*, I turn to the pages of the old magazine before I hazard an opinion as to which of the living languages the honourable title of *universal* is likely to be attached.

“Our space will not permit us to enumerate all the languages spoken even in Europe at the present day, much less trace out their roots, or follow their derivations. In the high and palmy days of Rome Latin bid fair to become the universal language, but in her decline and fall her language succumbed with her power. Spain and France, being Roman colonies, long retained the parent language in its purity; it is now corrupted, but not to the extent which the lapse of ages since the days of Roman domination would lead us to expect. At a later period the Romish Church and her potent Propaganda contributed to preserve, if not to spread, the Latin tongue throughout Europe, and for her own wise purposes to keep it before the people; but the efforts of her Church and State have alike proved vain. A dead language cannot be resuscitated even by the miraculous intervention of the saints. It is true that in Hungary the debates of the Diet were carried on in indifferent Latin till Austria threw the apple of discord, with *divide et impera* engraven thereon, between Magyars, Slavacs, Wallachians, and Saxons. We cannot say that the whole nation have benefited by the change from even bad Latin to Magyar, as at least one-half of the

* *The Traveller's Magazine* 1845.

people speak a language totally different from it, the Magyar being confined to the nobles and great landholders, who have adopted their peculiar language (harsh, inharmonious, and difficult to acquire) and voted it to be the national language of Hungary. Next to the Poles, the Russians are said to be the best linguists in Europe. The difficulty that people of different nations experience in attempting to learn Russ has constrained the Russians to learn foreign languages themselves. But there is another reason—namely, because this knowledge, this power, tends to aggrandize Russia at the expense of her neighbours. At the time of her unwarrantable assaults and encroachments upon Turkey we, as mediators, were unable to meet Russia on her own grounds. The negotiations and remonstrances between the diplomatists of England, Russia, and the Porte, were carried on through lying dragomen, who regularly sold us to Russia; and now, better late than never, we begin to see the necessity of sending these dragomen to the right-about, and transacting our own business through our own mouth-pieces. To-day the attachés at the British Embassy at Constantinople, have something more to learn besides the navigation of the Golden Horn in a light caique, and the nice conduct of a clouded tchibouk or narguile. But even this feeble attempt to foil or meet the ‘insolent foe’ is a half measure. A few highly-favoured young men are sent out to Constantinople, *and paid* to learn Turkish or Arabic. There is truly something novel in the idea of paying a man to acquire something that may prove very beneficial to himself—we wish John Bull would pay us for learning Japanese, Chinese, or even Russian; but as we do not belong to the *corps diplomatique*, we do not look for such indulgences. A few years ago we strongly recommended the big wigs at the Foreign Office to establish a college for young diplomatists, on the plan of Helybury or Addiscombe; but now our new model schools and institutes will render such a step unnecessary—for when the people of every nation can under-

stand each other, the diplomatists and ‘Othello’s occupation’s gone.’ We have long observed with pain, the unequal struggle between Russia and Circassia. By all accounts the Circassians are a fine and high-spirited people ; they have frequently appealed to European nations to interfere, and save them from inevitable serfage and misery, to mediate, or give direct assistance. What is it that prevented their call from being heard and responded to by the people of this nation, who are ever ready to sympathise with the oppressed ? It is their language, the Circassian tongue, ‘which,’ says a traveller, ‘the late sultan sent a learned Mollah to acquire. This sapient Turk, who may be ranked among the wise men of Gotham, spent some years in Circassia, and on his return to Constantinople, when questioned by the sultan as to the beauties of the Circassian tongue, he produced a bag of pebbles, and shaking them in his royal master’s face, declared, that the rattling together of those stones was just as intelligible as the Circassian language.’ We opine that those brave fellows have little to hope for, if their letters, petitions, or ambassadors, should find their way to our foreign office ; *certainly* they would not be very seriously entertained in that quarter ; and even if their letters could be translated, they would, if replied to at all, be answered in English, almost as intelligible to the Circassian as their language is to us.”

“That French is the conventional language of the European courts, and also of the first class of European society, we readily admit ; but we deny that French is the language of the people of more than *one nation*—even if it is spoken in parts of Savoy, Switzerland, and Belgium, what is gained in one direction is lost in another. In Provence, Brittany—in Alsace, and the Spanish frontier, the people have languages of their own, very different from French—it is true, that the seeds of the French language were scattered throughout Europe by a reckless tide of conquering hosts ; but that seed being sown upon fields of slaughter by the red hand of a destroyer, did

not take root and flourish. It is a well known fact, that ever since the high and palmy days of the empire and Napoleon's rule, the French language has been on the wane, and decreases in Europe daily. The sword is a bad schoolmaster—the conquered cannot be compelled to adopt the language of the conqueror. Liberty has an eternal strong hold in the voice of the people. Recent travellers in Spain acknowledge the inutility of the French language in that country. In some of her sea ports it may serve the traveller's turn—but in the interior of Spain or Portugal, Irish or Arabic will be found about as useful as French; and yet it is not so very long ago since the French armies occupied the Peninsula. Let us turn to a kingdom nearer home, Bavaria. A gentleman who has lately travelled in that country, complains that he has been greatly disappointed when counting upon the close intimacy which existed between Bavaria and France. He depended upon French as a medium of communication with the people—he declared that the Bavarians are either unable or unwilling to speak French, and that he experienced considerable difficulty and inconvenience while travelling through the country; yet truly the Bavarians have cause to remember the French every time they look upon the simple obelisk they have erected *to the memory of the thirty thousand Bavarians* who perished under the Eagles of France in the Russian campaign. Every time they look upon the pictures that decorate the walls of their king's palace, the blushing representations of those battles in which Bavarians and French fought, side by side, waging a war of extermination against the brave Tyrolese, men who fought in defence of their mountain homes—*pro aris et focis*. In Austria, in Hungary, and the countries bordering on the Danube, from its source to its fall into the Black Sea, French will prove about as serviceable as *English* to the traveller. He may find a stray waiter or *valet de place*, upon whom he will be totally dependant for the dubious information which he is fain to swallow for lack of

other ways and means of holding communication with the people around him. Having thus forewarned the man who depends upon his French (vocabulary), of what he may expect, and how far it will carry him in Europe; we readily admit that the French language has a better chance of success, if chosen as an universal language, than German, Italian, or Spanish—we presume it is to a Spaniard we are indebted for this comparison: French is the language of birds—English, of men—Spanish, *of the Gods*. The Spaniards are the worst linguists in Europe—pride is the rock they split upon. “This comes of walking upon the earth,” said the Hidalgo, when he stumbled and fell. It was beneath his dignity to walk, he ought to have ridden upon his *high horse*. It seems to be beneath the Spaniard’s dignity to acquire foreign languages. We all know the story of the Spanish refugee, who resided ten years in England, and meeting a compatriot in the street, thus exclaimed: “What a stupid set of people these Londoners must be, I have lived amongst them ten years, yet no one understands *me*.”—*Travellers’ Magazine*.

The language destined to become universal, we may predict, will be simple in its construction; so that “he that runneth may read it”—replete with harmonious sounds when spoken—the pronunciation regulated by the orthography—the eye and the ear mastering difficulties together. Of all the languages spoken in Europe, we give the preference to the English tongue; not because it is the most harmonious or perfect in the world, but because it is the language of the majority of the inhabitants of this vast empire; and it is also the language of a nation destined to become one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest nation upon the face of the earth—the United States of America—because, England has already the capital requisite for getting up the machinery, getting together the raw material, and pushing the article required with vigour into the four quarters of the globe.

Lastly—Because England and the United States have

communication by sea, with all the maritime nations of the globe. Because English manufactures have found their way, and penetrated into the remotest parts of the earth, heralding the way for a better intelligence, a closer intimacy, and a disposition to receive favorably, the *coming benediction*.

M. De Lamartine, in his work entitled *France and England, a Vision of the Future*, published in 1848 (or three years after the article I have already quoted, was published both in London and Paris in 1845), touches upon this question of the formation of a language, fit and suitable for *three nations only*—namely, France, Spain, and Italy. Having smoked his pipe of *Haschish*, which we learn “produces such terrible excitement on those who cherish projects of revenge, and terminates, where it is abused, by affecting the health and those who require *stimuli* return to it with an ever-increasing passion, the most agreeable anticipations will transform themselves for the moment into realities, you will *possess the gift of second-sight, and will be raised to the rank of prophets.*”* M. De Lamartine having whiffed this wonderful drug, “mingled with mild tobacco,” finds himself in the position of Rip Van Winkle, returned again to the world, rubbing his eyes in the noisy street called the Cannabiere of Marseilles, he stares at an immense placard, at the head of which he reads in large characters—

“*Bando of the Ibergallitalian. Congress. July 27, 1943.*”

(Having thus taken a leap of ninety-three years, and in all conscience room enough to turn himself round, and in prophesying all manner of things without the prophetic pipe of *Haschish*. This placard being a stumbling-block to the venerable old smoker, creaking forth his rusty jaws)—“I inquired what this meant, and the bystanders merely told me it is the proclamation for the last decree of our General Congress. This was telling me nothing. What is the definition of Bando? The

* *France and England*, p. 44 translation. Published by Clarke, London.

proclamation of a decree—its precise shade of expression we have lost. We borrowed it of the Spaniards when we felt the want of it, just as we have taken others from the Italians. These reciprocal loans have become very common since the fusion of the three nations, which has greatly enriched, incorporated, and developed our poor timid tongue without impairing its terseness or clearness. The three languages have a common origin, the same genius, the same construction. They are three idioms, the issue of a common mother—the great and powerful Roman mother, and resemble each other like three foals reared in different climates. An intelligent man might in a few days quite master all the distinctive characteristics of the three dialects, and very slight practice will teach him the rest.” The adoption of this Ibergallitalian tongue is proposed to confer substantial benefits of another description on France, of whose interests, philanthropist as he is, M. De Lamartine is too zealous a Frenchman to lose sight of. Glancing at a “large and handsome map of Europe I saw that the northern frontier of France was no longer so close upon Paris, and at it I experienced *a lively joy*. Belgium was stifled in her circumscribed and unnatural limits. The Belgians having *spontaneously* united with France in 1793, always continued true to their affection; they had no desire to separate from their adopted parent. Was Holland included in the federal compact? She was; but very recently, however. The Netherlands now, after long and mature deliberation, demanded admission into the Ibergallitalian Confederacy. M. De Lamartine having thus tucked up Holland under the wing of the Gallic cock affects to raise difficulties about swallowing up or annexing Germany also. The Germanic Union, already dreamed of by men of genius, faintly anticipated by the masses, and prepared by the Zollverein, this fruitful conception, which accurately embraced the requirements of the country, soon became popular. From that time forth events marched forward with astounding rapidity.

The French patriots, moved by a sense *of justice*, by a perfect appreciation of the wants of Germany, and by the unchangeable laws of humanity, aided with zeal in this fusion of more than 60 millions into a single people. Nevertheless, in this instance the Germans were unable to make use of the community of language, and the will of the people, principles they had invoked to incorporate themselves into a single nation; but those are topographical necessities so irresistible that sooner or later they must be satisfied. Why M. De Lamartine named his work *France and England* is not very clear. The name of England rarely occurs in its pages, and when mention is made of her name it is neither in a very flattering nor honourable way. Thus, "Austria, always in the rear, united with Russia and England to control the Diet, and constrain the population of the north and west, with whom the ideas of liberty, of the representative system had fructified long time previous. *As to England, she had no other design in this union with barbarism and despotism than to protect Hanover, and open a market for her commodities even at the cannon's mouth.* What has become of this Great Britain that has so often upset Europe to maintain her commercial monopoly—subsided so many coalitions against the emancipation of the people? Make yourself happy. She has not disappeared like another Atalantis; but she continues to work out her destiny, and undergo *the fate of all commercial people*. Behold Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Pisa, Florence, Genoa, Venice—all these States have been rapidly eclipsed after shining like meteors. Such is the history of all those states whose commerce is their prosperity; they have enjoyed *more dignity* than the extent of their territory would seem to warrant. Agricultural communities, on the contrary, if they are beaten at home, rise again because, like Antæus, they renew their vigour each time they touch the earth." Having thus disposed of England, against whose manufactures all the

ports of the world, *save those of Russia*, are to be closed—cut off *par consequence* from the Ibergallitalian league. “On the other side, France found herself *at the head* of the scientific movement in all directions, and the precision of her tongue was eminently suited to the exposition, to the vulgarization of systems, of methods, laws—in short, of all *human acquirements*.” Now, if a statesman and (*quasi*) philanthropist like M. De Lamartine, promulgating such doctrines as these, be accused *of being too favourably disposed to the perfide Albion* by his fellow-citizens, to be the President, and lose his election for the Presidency, mainly on those grounds, *what must be the feelings of the masses of the electors in France towards England?* To balance this Ibergallitalian language coalition some might start an Anglo-Germanic Language League, into which the language or dialects of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden might be fused. Thus Europe would be divided into two great rival confederations, watching each other’s movements with jealous eyes, while our object is only unity, peace, and concord; and putting political dogmas and *territorial and geographical divisions apart, a grand junction and closer compact and alliance between all the nations, not merely of Europe, but of the whole world.*

OUR PROSPECTS UNDER THE NEW REGIME.

PART IV.

I left the peace-makers in an awkward predicament, but ere I lend a hand and assist them to set their feet upon *terra firma again* I must insist upon their hearing a little advice, and also *a song* in return for the *old song* they have been ringing in our ears for some time. These lines were written by a friend of mine at a very critical moment, or when the revolutions broke out upon the continent in 1848, and seemed to portend a general war. It is only fair that the peace-makers should listen to it considering that it is the production of one of those sadly abused men, out of whose mouths they are attempting to take the bread, same time calling upon them to give up, or break up the implements of their "horrible trade of war."

THE SWORD'S FESTIVAL.

"I mean to hold a festival and grand *assaut d'armes*,
Now spread the tidings far and near with trumpet's shrill alarm.
From north to south, from east to west, haste to the festive board,
Bedeck'd on Europe's broadest plain, commanded by the sword.

Chorus.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! we'll feast to-day,
While cannon's round us roar ;
Midst clash and flash and the sword's sway,
As in the days of yore.

"The sword invites her clan to meet lance, bayonet, and gun,
And every weapon heroes wield beneath the glorious sun ;
The Indian dart, the mace, the crease that blush'd at Sobraon,
And with a cheer bring up the spear, bold Cossacks of the Don.

Chorus.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! &c. &c.

“ And ye shall feast right royally while kings your glance obey,
 And Emperors bring up the wine in vessels bright and gay ;
 The *vinto tinto* from the south, the rosy drops of Spain,
 We'll mingle with *la gloire* of France, as brilliant as champagne.

Chorus.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! &c. &c.

“ Then haste ye to the festival, when plumes and banners wave
 Above the sea of weapons bright, upheld by hearts as brave,
 When England's *war cry* is the toast the first and last that day,
 ‘ Up, Guards, and at them !’ Drink, then, drink. Hurrah !
 hurrah ! hurrah !

Chorus.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! we'll feast to-day,
 While cannons round us roar ;
 Midst clash and flash and broadsword's sway,
 As in the days of yore.”*

Now, you may pronounce this to be a most atrocious chant, “horribly stuffed with epithets of war ;” but it “points a moral,” and involves an expedient of some magnitude for getting rid of your fighting men by wholesale—a thing much to be desired by the peace-makers, and worthy of their admiration, if it could be accomplished by hook or crook. Let us, then, suppose that all the standing armies in Europe and in Asia have been marched up in battle array, with *tuck of drum and trumpet's bray*, to that delectable spot, called “Europe's broadest plain.” Once face to face, it requires but a cross word, a hasty glance, a contemptuous sneer, the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder, to set the whole field in a blaze. When those valorous men have hacked and hewed each other to their heart's content, and their powder is all expended, which may be known even without the call “cease firing”

* A composer of some standing undertook to blend these verses with an original *melody* of his own. He handed my friend the music as he was on the point of starting for India, and received five guineas for his pains. A few days afterwards it was discovered that the air this *genius* had palmed off as *his own* was about as venerable as *Maggie Lauder*.—Ed.

being heard, it will be the duty of the peace-makers to enter the field, and look after the remnant of the scattered hosts; if, indeed, odds and ends longer than those left upon the ground by the renowned *Kilkenny cats* can be discovered. Nevertheless, presuming that there are certain heroes who lead a *charmed life*, still alive and kicking, let each of those valorous men receive *as his meed* the hand of a fair needle-woman of London, whose duty it will be to disarm her lord, and keep his bellicose propensities within bounds. Far from removing or withdrawing them from the field of their labours, thereon let those ex-warriors be located, and if it so please them to gratify their hacking and hewing propensities, *en grande*, holding the goal of immortality in view instead of cutting throats and breaking heads, let them grapple with *the bones* of mother earth, and under the direction of able engineers and geologists penetrate and break through the upper and under crusts of this great Dutch cheese, into which the mites of the past have not as yet penetrated even a line. What grand discoveries, what minerals, what wealth, would not such a goodly *boreing* into the "bowels of the harmless earth" bring to light.

When all this comes to pass, universal peace, or the Millennium, may be confidently looked for *en attendant*; ere this grand desideratum arrives little international differences are amicably settled by arbitration, and the leaders of the peace movement, Congress, or Association, as a matter of course taken into the councils of Emperors, Kings, Presidents, and Rulers—"Govern men and guide the state" *par tout*.

We may conclude that the peace-makers have mounted to the pinnacle of their highest hopes, beheld all the armies of Europe broken up, duties upon manufactured articles and the raw material abolished, and a free intercourse between all the inhabitants of this sublunary world established, and all this achieved without the differences between the *languages* being found a barrier, or the slightest impediment in

the way, so that the peace-makers have not found it necessary to go to school again or acquire a variety of languages, the legion of interpreters and dragomen in their pay having saved them all that trouble, and enabled them to carry their point. I dare say there is many a thinking man who has weighed the *pros* and *cons*, and considered the question in all its bearings, who, as he sits at his fireside and smokes his pipe of mild *cannaster*, can picture to himself the state of Europe under the new *regime* of the peace-makers even ten years hence better than I can describe, indeed, it requires no stretch of imagination nor the gift of *clairvoyance* to enable me to dive thus deep into futurity. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and for the sake of brevity I hazard a few of my anticipations and speculations in the guise and "questionable shape" of newspaper paragraphs.—Extracts from the daily papers of the year 1860.

"The monster reunion, or tea party, on the grandest and most magnificent scale came off in the Kremlin of Moscow on the * * * Friend Nicholas (as the Czar is now familiarly called) presided over the real Brummagem splendid fifty-tun teapot, filled the cups with his usual urbanity and *gaitè du cœur*, cracking jokes while the Mandarins on his right and the Muftis on his left cracked their biscuits and munched their muffins. The Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Pope, and the Queens of Spain and Portugal worked untiringly at their several teapots and urns. During the evening several long speeches were made by the Chinese, the Persians, and some eloquent Mollahs from Kokan, Khiva, and Japan, all of which, as my neighbour, Nicodemus Pym, sagely remarked, might be good enough in their way, if any one could understand the languages in which the said speeches were delivered. The whole affair passed off *flatly*, beginning with hand shaking, and ending in shaking hands; the *hiatus* being filled up with tea gulping, toast and muffin munching, broad stares, and gaping as if for a wager."—*Universal Times*.

“We learn with delight that the British have given up and got rid of the several distinguishing names of political parties. Henceforth the words *Whig*, *Tory*, *Radical*, and *Conservative* may be looked for in the pages of the history of past and darker ages; nevertheless, the Congress (formerly called Parliament), *pro forma*, still divides itself into Government and Opposition parties, named for brevity the *Ps.* and the *Qs.* Place and power being now regarded in the true light, as mere honorary distinctions, few are willing to undertake the *onus* of bearing the affairs of state upon their shoulders save those exemplary capitalists, the Quakers, those early labourers in the field and vineyard of universal peace, to whom we are all indebted.”—*The Brother Jonathan.*

“The *rights of labour* and the *claims of poverty* are now acknowledged and respected. The British labourer is no longer the beer-besotted tool of some wily politician; he no longer conducts himself like a maniac, shouting, fighting, voting for the man or the party could best swamp his intellects in the strongest liquor. The artizan, the mechanic, the factory boy and girl are no longer described by speculating capitalists as so much machinery, only fit to be used up, worn out, and cast aside as best suits the purpose of those manufacturers. Such of our fellow-citizens as have not hitherto had the ability to retain *quantum suf.* of worldly goods in their own hands, wherewithal to feed and clothe themselves and their families, and to whom the opprobrious epithet *beggars* was formerly applied, are now to be released from the bondage of bastiles, unions, and workhouses; comfortable and well-ventilated dwellings will henceforth be provided for those ill-used people, among whom we learn certain lands will presently be parcelled out and divided, the management of which will be confided to wiser heads than their own.”—*The People's Hobby.*

“Rents being still paid *in kind*, according to the annual valuation of the crops by the commissioners—the fair division of the goodly fruits of the earth is still railed at by the

old protectionists who now form a minute section of the *P's*—that the freeholders, (formerly called landlords), who really and truly represent the *drones in the hive*, should be dissatisfied with their portion, is our past comprehension—that farmers should be discontented grumblers, is purely constitutional with that body of well-fed men, who, after all, are merely capitalists, getting a high interest for their money, besides many other advantages too numerous to mention. We can sympathise with the field labourer, to whom we are all indebted for the potatoes we mash upon our plates—the cabbage in our mouths—the carrot, and the beet root before us. That the fourth of the produce of the soil which *he now receives*, barely compensates the honest fellow for the sweat of his brow is but too evident. Why should the freeholder monopolise a fourth of that for which he *toiled not, neither did he spin*. —“yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these” *fops* about town. We do not see why the farmer cannot be got rid of, and the fourth of the spoil thus wrung from the labourer, restored to that hard handed and deserving operative, who would thus reap the benefit of the farmer, together with his own, and have his fair half of the profits—that the exigencies of the state require the remaining fourth, we cannot deny; though, as to its division and subdivision, we think the time-serving *Q's* have been playing a double game, peddling with the freeholder, and truckling with the clergy of all denominations.’—’*The Labourers’ Friend*,

“The Queen received the deputations with congratulatory addresses from her loving subjects; and the admirers of her wit, wisdom, and transcendent talent—from Heligoland—the Orkneys—Ballyhunger—Bagdad—Siam—Japan—from Scalp-Lock city, on the Red Stone Pawnee-Loup country, Far West, the various ceremonies of peace and harmony having been gone through in the throne-room of the New Palace Hyde Park—the calumet smoked—the hatchet buried—(for

the *nonce* under a cushion)—the salt eaten—coffee sipped—the loaf divided—kelut conferred—orations delivered, gracious replies—and the *congè* given. Those *wise men* from the east, and the old noble men of nature from the west, departed highly delighted and flattered with their reception. It is pleasant to know that there is at least *one* illustrious individual in those realms who understands a multiplicity of foreign languages, and can reply at once, to what seems to us to be a barbarous jargon, in a manner justly appreciated by all foreigners visiting our court, who are evidently pleased and flattered to hear their *native language* spoken with such fluency by *the head*, while to *the body* of the nation they are reduced to make known their intentions, wants and necessities by signs and gesticulations.”—*New Court Journal*.

“The day has at last arrived when, to use the language of the great defunct Liberator, *Ireland will be ‘great, glorious, and free ; first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea.’*—“Now or never,” while the communists and quakers of England are junketting about on the continent, disseminating their Utopian theories and balderdash, let Ireland rise like a “giant refreshed with wine,” and proclaim total and *teetotal* independence of all and every power and nation under the sun—let, henceforth and for ever, Ireland be for the Irish, England for the English, and the Scotch may please themselves. Let us have our own grand congress in Collegegreen—our ancient parliament—our old rights—our Brehon laws—*composition* for murder and battery—restitution of the *forfeited estates*—full liberty to break one another’s heads at pleasure, as in the days of Ollam Fodlah, justly surnamed the great and good.” “Hurrah for ould Ireland.”—*Tipperary Nabocklish*.

“The Black-labourers (formerly called Chartists) entertained a deputation of ten thousand Red-labourers (formerly called Red Republicans,) of Paris ; the *thè parlante* came off in the Great Labourer’s Conventicle in Bishop Bonner’s Fields ; we

regret to state that, owing to the difficulties by the mode of expression, the *clashing of the tongues*, some misunderstanding took place between the black and red brethren; and at a later period, after the introduction of beer and cogniac, an *echauffement*, or row began, touching the question of enduring the *curse of money* any longer; and making some slight distinction between *meum and tuum*, the tables were then quickly turned upon our black friends, and the whole assembly plunged into hot water, which time alone can cool. Too much praise cannot be given to peace commissioner, Baron Snigsend,* who, at the head of a strong division of the Slang-whangers, promptly attended, and fairly talked the combatants out of the field.”—*Orderly Gazette*.

“A large body of the improvident party—labourers, mechanics, and idle spendthrifts, persevere in besetting the Capitol (formerly called the Parliament House), with the greatest difficulty Honourable Members can make their ingress and egress. Terror sits on every brow within the walls of the Capitol. Rage and perversity seem to animate the mob of improvident people beset or, indeed, besiege the doors. What’s to be done? Peace Commissioner Lord Conningsby and his strong-lunged body of roaring blades, the picked men of the undone farmers, have bawled themselves hoarse to no purpose. Nothing short of a dissolution of the Congress will satisfy the people. Some cry for bread, others for money, others for work, and a run on the bank is darkly hinted at. General Peace Preserver, Baron Bathbrique, has just arrived with his detachment and recruits from Billingsgate. He has opened a sharpish fire of balderdash upon the rabble and put them to rout.”—*The Hourly News*.

“Our worst apprehensions have been realized. There has been a run on the bank with a vengeance. That strong building has been sacked and gutted of its valuable contents. The improvident party have also possessed themselves of the

* “Feargus, first Baron of Snigsend,” &c., &c.—*Vide New Peerage*.

Mansion House just as the Lord Mayor was sitting down to a grand dinner. There is a report that a Provisional Government is now sitting at that table, consuming turtle soup and enacting new laws."—*Ibid.*

"THIRD EDITION.—We stop the press to announce that half the shops and warehouses in the city have been broken into and stripped of their contents. Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool are in the hands of the Improvident party. The report that the old landlords have been looking up the museums for *arms*, and have resolved to rally round the Sovereign, gains ground, and has exasperated the rioters and Communists beyond measure."—*Ibid.*

"*Summary of Foreign Intelligence.* Paris.—The Communists and Red Republicans have once more risen, as it were *from the dead*. All the horrors and atrocities of the old Republic are being enacted throughout France. Who can stay the tide of destruction when the voice of reason is no longer listened to? Italy is now the easy prey of the forty thousand liberated *forçats* and banditti, who from Naples to the Po have upset all our time-honoured institutions, and deluged the land with blood. Germany is tranquil for the moment; but affairs wear a menacing aspect. A new sect, an offshoot of the Mormons, have risen up in the heart of the United States. They are fanatics in politics and religion, and believing themselves called upon to destroy all who reject their doctrines, fill the land with turmoil, crime, and confusion. The Malays have purchased steamers, and fitted up the men-of-war they purchased of our Government and in the East Indies; a formidable fleet of these pirates now sweep the seas and ravage the shores from the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta, and still further east to the Yellow Sea, with impunity."—*Universal Times.*

"*Summary of Colonial Intelligence.*—Heki's pathetic speech to the New Zealanders on the solemn ceremony of *baking* the last English settler in this inhospitable region. The

Caffres' sudden descent upon the Capers, the last struggle of the Boers with their foes upon the Lion's Rump, recal of the Governor, and escape of a remnant of the Capers. The Zemindar's refusal to pay any more taxes or imposts to the East India Company, restoration of all the fruit shaken from the pagoda tree demanded by the Provisional Government at Calcutta from the said Company since the days of Warren Hastings. Reception of the deputation from Upper and Lower Canada by the President and *Senate* of the United States, their demand to be admitted into the confederation and become an integral part of the model republic, referred to a special commission of Peace preservers. The first address of Quashie, the first Emperor of the West Indies. The coloured population of Demerara, it is said, will soon acknowledge the Emperor, and cease to give their allegiance to Great Britain."—*Ibid.*

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—“The Belgian question is settled at last. The claims of France and Holland to that *neutral ground*, having been severally taken up and examined by Prussia and England. The Emperor of Russia was called in to act as umpire, all pledging themselves to abide by *his final decision*; whereupon, however strange it may appear, the Czar decided that, neither France nor yet Holland have claims sufficiently strong to enable either of them to annex Belgium, which clearly belongs to *himself*, he, the Czar, being the descendant and living representative of the Cæsars, who first conquered, and for ages held possession of the country—preposterous as this new claim seems to be, it is now admitted, and Belgium henceforth belongs to Russia—this creates a little surprise in Europe, when it is considered how handsomely [the Turks have behaved in ceding Constantinople and the European shores of the Bosphorus to Russia—when Greece, China, and Persia, decided that the Emperor Nicholas, as head of the Greek church, and the Princes of the Fanal had a better right and title to Constantinople

than the Sultan. Spain and Denmark have undertaken to mediate between Austria and Russia concerning the possession of all Poland and Hungary — the emperor of the French, Napoleon the 2nd., acting as umpire on this occasion, decides in favour of Russia.”—*The Northern Light*.

“This is the beginning of the end,” said a prophetic statesman, a great diplomatist; “matters have now come to such a pass, that to retreat, seems destruction—to advance, madness—to halt in our present unparalleled position, an impossibility. The distempered state of the internal affairs of every nation in Europe demands a strong and an immediate remedy; in fact it cannot be concealed any longer—we must decide between a republic and an empire, we trust that the Great Congress and Diet now being held at Frankfort, will soon set men’s minds at rest on *this momentous question*.”—*Universal Topic*.

GLORIOUS NEWS.—“We hasten to announce that the intelligence has just arrived from Frankfort. The imperialists have carried the day, leaving the republicans in a despicable minority. The question now is, who will be the new emperor of Europe? The king of Prussia has commenced an active canvass already. The emperor of Austria has declared his intention to stand, &c. *Still later*.—The emperor of the French is in the field. *Six hours later*.—The catholic party have prevailed upon the Pope to come forward. The King of Naples, the Duke of Lucca, and the Prince de Joinville, are also spoken of, but their chance of success are somewhat ambiguous. The general opinion is, that the Duke of Bourdeaux, backed as he is by the Emperor of Russia, will be the happy man.”—*The Rising Sun*.

THIRD EDITION.—The early candidates began to flag in this magnificent race for an empire. It is now said that the most desperate struggle will take place between Napoleon the Second and the Pope, neither of those illustrious potentates feeling comfortably seated on their thrones at home.”—*Ibid*.

FOURTH EDITION. — Prussia and Austria, the King of Naples, and several minor candidates have withdrawn and retired from the contest in disgust. The Emperor of the French has also struck his flag, and promised his vote and support to the Pope, who, in return, it is hinted, among other *on dits* of the day, has given him absolution for all the sins and *peccadillos* he may henceforard commit in this sublunary world.”—*Ibid.*

FIFTH EDITION. — “The cardinals look confident—the priests and monks are not idle—the pope seems to feel that he has gotten the imperial and triple crown upon his brow, adding weight to the solemn grandeur of his air as he blessed the mob in the street, calling them *his people*; but a change came over the spirit of his dream when lightly stepping from his travel stained britska, buttoned up to the chin in a pale gray paletot—the emperor of Russia cooly entered the Great Chamber of Congress, and thus in quaker-like and humble guise stood before the astonished electors, all of whom, it is said, thought he was enjoying himself in his summer palace, on the shores of the Bospheros. The emperor was addressing the electors when we closed this dispatch.—The Rubicon is past—the die is cast. Nicholas Romanoff is now Emperor of Europe, chosen at the congress of kings and plenipotentiaries, almost without a dissentient voice—thus the words of the wily Tallyrand, that Europe would soon *become Republic or Cossack*, are fulfilled *a la lettre*.”—*Journal des Debats*.

“We may well sigh and groan—and sitting down in sober sadness, ‘look upon this picture, and on this’—the state of our affairs in 1850 and in 1860. The *peace-makers and free-traders* have done their work. Europe has been first revolutionised, then imperialised. Where is the bold man, once vaunted, that in no habitable part of the globe could the manufactured goods of England be done without? Now let that bold free-trader stand forth, and publicly acknowledge

that he was wrong—that he laboured under some strange delusion—that he looked at but one side of the picture, and with sorrow, too late admits, that our manufacturers have no longer the game in their own hands—that native manufacturers and manufactures have started up unexpectedly, to meet and compete with ours in every foreign mart—nay, instead of sending fleets laden with corn and provisions to our shores, our wharfs and quays and warehouses are encumbered *with bales, boxes, and cases of dry goods, cloth, hardware, wrought iron, prints and cotton twist, ad nauseum*. We have in effect no longer a marketable article to offer in exchange for *breadstuffs and provisions* since coal and iron mines have been so extensively worked in various parts of the continent. When the Emperor first took the peace-makers in hand, and adopted their crotchet, and ‘fooled to the top of their bent’ all those wiseacres, he knew what he was about; he foresaw the inextricable and hopeless state of anarchy and confusion into which all Europe would presently be plunged, when the *standing armies were disbanded*; he saw that from the midst of the ‘nettle danger the flower of safety might yet be plucked’—that the mere disbanding of armies meant nothing as far as economy was concerned, for in one night more damage could be done by a gang of desperadoes, more money lost, than would have maintained an army in the field for a year, even on the war footing. And now, behold an ukase issued by late peace preserver Friend Nicholas. He begins in the old sanctimonious way, invoking blessings, &c., then turns the corner sharply, and as he hears that there are still large bodies of the dangerous classes at large, perfect pests to society and to every country afflicted with their presence, “it is his will *that barracks* be forthwith prepared in Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, Florence, Naples, and London, fit for the reception and occupation of four millions of the Imperial European army (lately raised in Russia, Bulgaria, and Greece), divisions of which are now in full march upon those several capital

cities. It is now so long since we have seen a soldier that even a Russian soldier in London will be run after like a *lion*. Here we have another ukase treading on the heels of the last, though widely different in its meaning. The Russian language is commanded—not recommended—*commanded* to be taught and learnt henceforth in all our schools, public and private; splendid medals are offered as rewards for the proficient in this tongue, while *the knout* is to be hung up and held *in terrorem* above the heads of those who flag upon this flowery path of knowledge, or turn up their noses at hard, harsh, and strange words. It is to be hoped that Friend Nicholas will, by a special ukase, compel the *ex-peace-makers*, his late quondam companions, to devote no small portion of their time to the culture and acquirement of the Russian language, when we may behold, from our bow-window, the singular spectacle of an ex-Minister of State and sedate member of the Society of Friends, ‘with satchel at his back, creeping like snail unwillingly to school.’”—*The Rod in Pickle and Anti-Delusion Gazette*.

FEMALE EMIGRATION

ON THE RIGHT HON. SIDNEY HERBERT'S PLAN.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

PART V.

IF this notable project does not succeed, or if it is not as eminently successful as it deserves to be, it will not be for want of zeal, ability, and perseverance on the part of the philanthropic projectors; but there are two rocks right *a head* of this noble flotilla, which the ablest pilot at the helm has not marked down in his chart, and upon which his charge may be cast away, viz., *Prejudice and Ignorance*. They say that straws thrown up in the air show how the wind blows. I have watched those "trifles light as air," for some time, and have perceived that the current runs in every direction but the right one, or that in which we desire to see it. The question is this—are those distressed needle-women willing to emigrate to the colonies, or are they not? As a matter of course the advocates of the measure, are ready to exclaim—"the distressed needle-women have already suffered so much at home, that they are both ready and willing to embark for any part of the habitable globe in which they can be insured food, and ample remuneration for the work of their hands; and this we can guarantee and insure to them in Australia. As the home and the offices for the registration of their names are now open, the question will speedily be answered." Nevertheless, while this registration is being carried on, and before the returns are made out for the committee, I venture to

predict, that the great majority, the bulk of the distressed needlewomen, will not take advantage of the opportunity, or avail themselves of this splendid offer, and emigrate. Like the Arab maid, the London needle-woman prefers the freedom of the desert; liberty to roam wheresoever she listeth throughout this great wilderness of bricks and mortar, than to batten upon the richest fare, and lead an easy quiet life to which the badge of servitude and the opprobrium of dependance is for ever appended—she knows where she is, and what she can endure; she has measured her strength with misfortune and misery, struggled with want, been cast down by despair—what then? she well knows the worst that may befall her; but she knows not where she is going, or whither her new friends mean to bear her—she doubts—she suspects—she fears they mean to take her away from her old friends, far from the voice of sympathy; and, therefore, if she decides to remain where she is, who can blame her? We are all poor, short-sighted mortals, and blind to our own advantage at some period of our lives—inclined to mistrust and scepticism. “Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man, for there is no help in them,” saith the psalmist. I admit I am as ready and willing to seize the opportunity, (should it come within my grasp,) and to better my fortunes, as any man about town, whose hat and paletot are somewhat *rapè*, and *apropos de bottes*—whose *chaussure* might be in better case—whose purse may sometimes be just as light as that of a London needle-woman; and for all that, I solemnly declare I would *doubt* the integrity of any man, and impute to him some sinister motives if he walked into my chamber, and addressing me as a half-starved author, said that he and others had made up their minds to make *my fortune* and translate me from my comfortless quarters to “roseate bowers,” in which I would be received by a fair bevy of merry damsels, beautiful and rich, at one of whom I had only to throw the handkerchief, when, (*hey presto*), I would be-

come the loving spouse of a lovely squatteress, or Princess of the Wilds. I might listen to this philanthropist—I might even *agree* with him that the state of a professional scribbler, was almost as bad as that of a London needle-woman—that *the trade* lived upon the “*brain sweat*” of the one, and the “*elbow grease*” of the other—that both were crushed beneath the wheels of Mammon’s car and the *curse of money*; that in one respect the position of the needle-woman was even better than that of the writer *for bread*—she had companions to cheer her on while she toiled, but the writer had none—his was the *solitary system*—the dim lamp alone gleamed upon his labours. That knowing all this, when the magnates and capitalists of the land had put their heads together, and held meetings, and made speeches, and raised subscriptions for the starving authors and writers for their daily bread, to whom government situations would be given, and they would become diplomatists—ambassadors—consuls—commissioners—treasury clerks; I would say, “They did well—it is a humane act—a credit to the age we live in—but, good Mr. Philanthropist, you’ll excuse me, (jokes apart,) I think it is only a hoax—a *mauvais plesantriè* of your great quizzical clubists; and, if you do not take yourself off directly, I may speak to you as the old philosopher in his tub spoke to Alexander the Great—in fact, the good things, and blessings of wealth and its attendant happiness, so seldom fall upon our heads, as it were from the clouds, that we hesitate to pick up even a windfall—a crab apple—a walnut—the handle of an old umbrella or a stray glove, which fortune has cast at our feet; but should the eye light upon an advertisement in a newspaper, proclaiming, that if we will only come forward, we may hear something to *our advantage*. We read the paragraph as often as Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse—and, perhaps, unlike that dashing haberdasher, decide it is better to steer clear of *Gammon* and the law. Good news of this description is sometimes attended by an unwelcome and

unexpected visitor; people have been known to drop down dead, while others have become stark mad, losing, in a moment, a gift which not all the wealth of India can ever restore. I presume the needle-woman has her ideas of rewards and punishments also, as well as others—she has not always been the fair Bedouin of London. Has she mounted or descended in the scale of society since she first set foot upon the damp flags, and inhaled the poisonous atmosphere of some crowded court, or suspicious looking alley? This may be a very unpleasant, and, perhaps, she will term it an *impertinent* question, but it must be answered, and in a satisfactory way too before she can avail herself of this “golden opportunity;” she must the “secrets of the prison house unfold.” Will she submit to such an inquisitorial process? I doubt it. Who fled from a parent’s roof, and who was driven from it? Who went forth into London streets with a blessing, and who with a curse? Who surrendered a young and trusting heart to a remorseless villain—who loves the false one still, and cherishes a fond hope, the feeble taper, the gleam of which still hallows the night of her misery. Whose lamp is extinguished, and who loves and hopes no more? She that can answer boldly, “Mine, I have no tie!” give her free passage to the Antipodes, she will fly from London as from a lazaret house, the grave of all her hopes; but keep the brandy bottle from her—keep her poor head cool in the hot latitudes. “They say they have money enough to make us happy in Australia,” said a needle-woman to a friend of mine—“Why cannot they make us happy here?” “I’m sure if I had a little money, I need never seek a husband in Australia,” said another. “It is not likely I’ll go to Australia to seek a place, when I might have one here to-morrow, if I liked”—said a third. This last reply, or something very like it, I heard with my own ears, from a young needle-woman, an out-patient of ——— Hospital, labouring under a pulmonary complaint. She worked at a dress-makers,” as an improver, from nine in the morning till nine.

at night, for three shillings a week ; and frequently sat up and worked all night, for which she received the magnificent reward of threepence *and a cup of strong tea*. Those *industrial orgies* produced such effects upon her health, that she was confined to her garret for several days ; feeling interested in the case, I recommended her to leave London, and wrote to some benevolent friends in the country about this young person, fortunately they wanted a house-maid ; there was very little to be done ; in fact, the family consisted of only two elderly ladies ; nevertheless, the sick needle-woman refused to accept the situation—she said she knew what service was, and how much she had been *humiliated* when she was at service before ; and she often heard the other young *ladies*, (needle-women), say, “the country was so dull.” When I looked at the sunken eye and hectic cheek of that poor girl, and heard her say “dull,” I bethought me of the merry, faces of the country girls, even in and about the quiet little village in which I had found her a place. *Certes*, the red chimney-pots, and grotesque tiled roofs, upon which her garret window, doubtless, looked out, might be more picturesque to the eye of a citizen, than the little village church spire, and old barn-like roofs, and verdant trelliced porches of a sequestered village. Feeling rather displeased at her refusal, I said, perhaps you intend to embark for Australia, with the rest—to this she replied, with a toss of her head, which, by the way, brought on a tremendous fit of coughing—“Oh no I don’t think any of our party will be transported !” This poor creature is still an out-patient, dragging on a miserable existence ; one day up, the next down upon a bed of sickness—nor is this the only person I have heard use the term “transported” *apropos* to sending out needle-women to the colonies. Last spring, before ever this project of sending out the needle-women was broached, I had the very *grave misfortune* to assist a philanthropic friend of mine, and second him in his efforts to rescue a family from what

he termed *perdition*, by sending them out to Australia. I call it a misfortune, because we failed most signally in the attempt, and established a sort of acquaintanceship with people who, if they had their desserts, or ever receive them, will one day, and perhaps ere long, be sent to Australia at *the expense of the country*—the old man who acted as *pere de famille* had met with an accident in a saw mill—his arm in a sling—his head tied up—he stood before us an object of pity, in his seventieth year—encumbered with a wife about half his age—no children—but instead thereof his three sisters, or his wife's sisters, (distressed needle-women to all intents and purposes), working all day and all night for the slop-sellers. We had now, however, an opportunity of judging for ourselves—the old man became worse—was confined to his bed—we visited him in his back garret, in a vile street in Paddington; his wife and sisters worked in the front attic, and into this we were soon introduced—it was one of those low ceiled, badly lighted, damp and cheerless chambers, formerly called cock-lofts, and never intended by the builder to be used as sleeping or living rooms; however, the lodging-house keepers soon find ways and means to increase the number of their rooms and cellars—we found the sisters seated at tea, chairs, they had none, their old beds and flock mattresses rolled up served instead—a few dingy old wooden boxes—culinary utensils—a broken washhand jug and basin—one rickety French bedstead—a cracked looking glass—*voilà tout*—absolutely the inventory of the furniture of this room, save the tea equipage, which was set out upon the lid of a deal box, and consisted of one very small china cup and saucer, belonging to the married lady; one blue basin, used as a tea-cup; two white jam-pots, used as ditto; three pewter spoons; a small japanned tea-caddy, the *debris* of a handsome cut glass sugar basin, put together by a tinman; a large brown earthenware teapot, minus half a spout; they had cut up a half-quartern loaf into thick slices, and had broiled two or three herrings—this meal, prepared

at four in the afternoon, served them for dinner and tea, (at least they said so)—they all rose up when we entered, and seemed filled with shame and confusion: the ages of the girls might be between twenty and twenty-six; all tolerably quiet, modest and rather good looking. The matron, however, had something *gauche* and suspicious, even revolting, in her appearance; she was a thin, hatched-faced, pock-marked, bleary-eyed, red-haired person, with that sly side long look, which is seldom seen in the human face divine, but often enough in the profile of a vicious mule, preparing to bite and kick; this woman apologised to us for the *negligè* and undressed (she might have said ragged) state of her sisters' attire—according to her, they worked more at their *ease*, in a state bordering upon nudity. She led us hastily into her husband's chamber, where we found that unfortunate invalid solacing himself with a pipe, and a measure of tea—he was better, but complained of cold. He had no money for coals, and remained in bed merely to keep himself warm. Having given him some advice, and something more substantial than physic, we retired, and thus began my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Vampire and the Miss Harpies.—It was neither convenient nor agreeable for me or my friend to visit Mr. Vampire immediately; and, therefore, came Mrs. Vampire with a doleful tale, their goods were on the point of being *distrained for the rent*—they had *no funds*. Poor Vampire,—the poor hapless Miss Harpies, the beds would be pulled from under them. It was very sad, and we put our hands into our pockets and sent Mrs. Vampire home rejoicing. We had hardly ceased to congratulate ourselves upon having had it in our power to relieve the wants of those poor people, when *ring, ding, ding*, went the visitor's bell, and entered two of the Miss Harpies, in tears. There was a slight breach in the family, Mrs. Vampire had appropriated the lion's share of the money we had given her; she would not pay the rent of their room. Mr. and Mrs. Vampire had treated them most vilely, threatened

to turn them into the street if they did not pay them the rent, for they rented the front room from Mrs. Vampire. The tears of women in distress had their desired effect; the weather was most inclement; it was hard to see those poor people cast adrift; but this time we went to the house of Vampire to *remonstrate*, but it would seem that, profiting by the absence of the stronger sisters, Mr. Vampire and his rib had actually bundled their sisters, poor bundles and bags into the passage, into the street, where we found one of the Miss Harpies, with dishevelled hair, wringing her hands. She had evidently been forcibly ejected, and, to make all sure, Mr. Vampire and his lady had locked their doors, and retired to an adjoining public-house. Here, then, were three helpless young women thrust forth penniless by their *only relatives* to sink or swim in the streets of London.

And how did this affect or concern *us*? It was not our fault; we were in no wise accessory to the train of disasters and misfortunes that had tumbled like a stack of chimneys upon their heads. Had we went our ways, and said, "*Among ye be it, blind harpers,*" we would have acted wisely, for we were not rich—far from it. We had appearances to maintain, and found that even by denying ourselves many little enjoyments it was no easy matter to make both ends meet. Finally, and to cut a long story short, we assisted those unfortunates to get another room, a lodging in one of the neighbouring streets, gave them what loose silver we had about us, and left them happy for the moment in the possession of a shelter from the keen north-easter and drifting sleet. A few days had already elapsed, when one of the Miss Harpies made her appearance to announce that her sister was at the *point of death*. Off we posted. We found the sister had merely a few choleraic twinges flying about her; and no wonder, seeing that she had devoured sixpennyworth of green pickles. Then another of those luckless maids fell ill; then work, even *slop* work, became slack; then one went out

flower making, and the other stayed at home to wash and scrub the floor and attend to the invalid; then flower and feather making failed, and as they had already pledged every sound garment and rag among them, they starved for forty-eight hours, and "what do you think, sir, that old *willain* wanted us to do? why, to go into the workhouse!"

Now, it did not seem to me to be such very bad advice, but as the landlord was called a *willain* for having volunteered such, of course I did not envy him his title; but it was absolutely necessary that something should be done, and that speedily. My friend recommended them to go into service—he would try and get places for them. Their answer was—"We have no clothes." If they had it would be different; they would be rejoiced to work for their bread. Another pull at the purse strings and an invasion upon a small investment set aside for a rainy day. The clothes were bought, and the dressmakers paid—for *spoiling them*, for strange enough neither of those needlewomen could make her own dress, once rigged out. Adieu to promises. They go to service, indeed, when they could get work *now* that they could *call for it*. My friend shook his head; but the Harpies had not done *with us*. One after the other, they found a thousand pretences to call, inquire, beg, borrow, entreat, pray—in fact, they became troublesome. We were bachelors. It looked suspicious to receive such *constant* visitors. We did not set up for saints, neither did we wish to be ranked as sinners. "There is but one way of doing it," said my friend to me one day, when we spoke about this unprofitable business. "You say you do not wish to see these people lost, yet lost they will be for all that we can say or do. But one thing remains untried—emigration. Let us ship them off to Australia. It is fortunate that you and I know the Governor of * * *. A letter to him will be of service to them *when* they arrive in Australia." We spoke to the Harpies about it, and recovering from their surprise and confusion into which the proposition threw them, they agreed

that it would be *very nice* to be as well off and comfortable as we represented they would be if they only followed our advice ; but they knew a certain young woman who had been sent out by her friends, and she had such *a many things given to her*, so many dresses, and so much linen and cotton, and pins and needles, and strong boxes, and all that would cost a deal of money, and where were they to get money—where ? Oh, if that be all—another pull at the purse strings, another invasion upon the *sinking fund*. We resolved to do the thing handsomely, visited sundry ships in the river, peeped into all manner of loose boxes called cabins, and finally agreed with a broker for a cabin large enough for three, on board a gallant barque in the docks.* The money was not paid, and the berths were to be kept open till some days before sailing. Sixty guineas, or twenty a-head, was the passage money, and this was to include everything. Matters now went on swimmingly. Money was advanced for clothes, &c., &c. books bought, a number of boxes, &c. One night returning from a friend's house in Bayswater later than usual, I recognized two of the Miss Harpies in the Edgeware-road ; they were standing at the door of a public-house, bandying jests with some low fellows, doubtless members of the swell mob, with whom they seemed to be well acquainted. One of these *pure virgins* was the worse for the liquor she had drank. She made use of the vilest language, which elicited loud laughter. I turned away in disgust. I had not walked one hundred yards before I met the other sister. She was dancing in the street with two common women, while a huge fellow, the driver of an omnibus, clapped her on the back. What a pretty account I carried home to my friend ! “ You forget,” said he, “ that it is usual for people of this class to make merry with their friends before they embark upon a long journey or voyage.” True, I had forgotten that trait of national character, nevertheless I was satisfied that all was *not*

* Bound for Adelaide and Port Phillip.

right. Far from it, and, therefore, the sooner we carried out our plan the better. If I live to the age of Methusalem never can I forget the scene which was enacted in the furnished apartment of the Miss Harpies the evening that we bore to them the intelligence that they must pack up, and prepare to embark their goods and chattels. *Imprimis*, in the street we overtook one of those young ladies homeward bound, with a foaming pot of ale in one hand, a pint bottle of gin in the other, and a fair clay pipe insinuated between her fingers also. For whom was that pipe we would be glad to know? "We would soon see." A lover, no doubt. Some despairing swain come forward at the eleventh hour to throw himself and fortunes, &c. Mounting the stairs, our ears were greeted with loud and jeering voices proceeding from the Misses Harpy's room. Such expressions as a "set of humbugs," "*serve them out*," "what do they mean by it?" We entered the room, and, lo and behold, there sate Mr. Vampire, Mrs. Vampire, and the two Miss Harpies enjoying themselves round a table, upon which stood sundry pewter measures and some glasses. Their faces were flushed. Here was a reunion of a happy family at all events. "*My service to ye, gentlemen*," said Mr. Vampire, somewhat stiffly raising his gin glass to his beer-stained lip. Then the younger Miss Harpy, as bitter a vixen as ever worried a lamb, chimed in glibely, "Please, sir, this is Mr. Vampire and my sister; they have come *forrerd* to know what you means by trying to *transport us*?" "Yes," said Mr. Vampire, as he undid his screw of tobacco, and cooly loaded his new halfpenny pipe, "I *ham here* to protect those hinnocent females." "They are my sisters," cut in Mrs. Vampire, perking up her blue and muleish chin; "and in spite of mischief-making. Ha, ha! Do you hear that, sir? Mischief." "Don't allude to that, my dear," interposed Mr. Vampire; "all in good time." "Murder they say will out." "To sell the poor things like negurs," ejaculated Mrs. V. Here two of the Miss Harpies wept

aloud, and the stout and determined lass took a hearty pull at the quart pot. "Be quiet—silence there. Stop that noise," broke forth Mr. V., while smoke escaped from his nostrils, and his eyes flashed fire. "Whose leave—by whose authority did you *seduce* those young *vimen* by fair promises to embark on board ship for furreign parts? Not by mine nor my wife's." "Nor with mine," screamed one Miss Harpy. "Nor with mine," screamed they all. "We defy you," said the stout lass, who had now emptied the pot; "and if it was n't for—no matter—I'd flatten this pot upon your ugly heads." "We won't be transported—we won't be transported!" they all screamed together. "Transport yourselves." "We give you our cabin—a pleasant voyage." "Light them down stairs. Never mind." "The devil takes care of his own." "Bang the door after them."

At first astounded, we were tongue-tied; and, indeed, argument was out of the question, reason scouted. We beat a retreat, and all in good time. We had been the victims, sacrificed upon the family altar, over whom the late enemies had shaken hands, after the manner of the Romans, and become friends again. As a matter of course they kept their outfit clothes, money, &c. Fortunately, the passage money had not been paid; but after all this we did not get quite clear of the Harpies and Vampires. We were troubled with anonymous letters; threatening letters, begging letters. Whenever we met one of them they begged in a most insolent manner, after the fashion of the old Algerine beggars, to whom the giving of alms in the first instance ever after gave the beggars a *right* to demand alms of the charitable donor, who refused to do so under pain of being *bastinadoed* before the Cadi. Thus signally failed our attempt at female emigration.

I need not say how keenly my philanthropic friend felt the disappointment. I attempted to make light of the matter, and failing to raise his spirits with reason, endeavoured to do so with rhyme, jingling some verses together, and singing

them as I went to the old tune, "Here's a health to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

SONG OF THE DISCONTENTED NEEDLEWOMEN.

" Because we are poorer than you, sir, or you,
And you fear you must help to support us ;
But though you are crafty, and rich as a Jew,
I tell you, you cannot transport us.

Chorus.—No, it won't do ; no, it won't do.
We won't be transported for you, sir, or you.

" We'll stick to the ship, and we'll stand by our own,
Like our fathers and mothers before us.
'Tis better to starve on a crust and a bone
With an honest old English sky o'er us.

Chorus.—No, it won't do, &c.

" We crave not your bounty, we want not your pelf ;
By squatters we'll never be courted ;
Pray, how would you like to be shipp'd off yourself
To the place to which *rogues* are transported.

Chorus.—No, it won't do, &c.

" Some ships in the ocean sink down like a stone,
While other are blazing and burning ;
And some cast away upon islands unknown,
From whence there's no chance of returning.

Chorus.—No, it won't do, &c.

" Then over the billows we never will roam ;
Old England can always support us ;
And while we are true to "the old house at home,"
You dare not—you cannot transport us.

Chorus.—No, it won't do," &c.

REPLY TO THE NEEDLE-WOMAN'S SONG.

" From toiling all day, and all night, for a Jew—
 For a pittance that does not support you
 From misery, want, and a gin-drinking crew—
 I wish, and we wish, to transport you

Chorus.—From the grasp of some cheat, and the dregs of the street,
 To the bright sunny land, where there's plenty to eat.

" From misery, rags, and those horrible hags
 Who boast in their cups "how they trick'd 'em"—
 From brokers with bags, and villains with gags,
 Who prey on the innocent victim.

Chorus.—" From, &c.

" From all this and more, in iniquities store,
 You must be intreated and courted,—
 And woo'd from death's door, to the beautiful shore,
 Where with honour you may be supported.

Chorus.—" From, &c,

" From want and from woe, and the evils you know—
 From pictures that wont bear inspection;
 To the land where you'll find, from the good and the kind,
 Both shelter, and food, and protection.

Chorus.—" From, &c.

" If you fear to embark in our refuge and ark,
 And talk of ships sinking and burning;
 In London there's death, in the cholera's breath,
 In starvation, and fire, and mourning.

Chorus.—" From, &c.

" So quick, ladies, choose, between working for Jews,
 And the beer-bibbing gents that escort you;
 And the joys that await, *in the happy estate*
 Unto which your true friends would transport you.

Chorus.—" From," &c.

Since I have said so much about these *impracticable* people, the Vampires and the Harpies, I may add that, as to their fate, *all that was predicted came to pass*—the young women are *now* leading a vile and abominable life—tramping the streets—frequenting those licensed curses, public dancing-rooms and pot-house concerts. Mr. Vampire having declined work, has followed that *willain's* advice, and gone into the workhouse. Mrs. Vampire lives upon the polluted wages which her sisters can spare her, over and above their gin and their tarnished finery. She looks after their place, this I learned from a person who attempted to get them all into an asylum. Six months ago I was assaulted in the middle of the day by two of those viragoes—they demanded money—a crowd collected—no policeman visible, of course. What have you done with *our money*? was the demand; out with it—where do you live?—we'll stick to you, and find out; but before we go, we have an account to settle, so take this, and this—and I was pommelled by the double fists of those beauties, right and left. Even to parry the blows of a woman is out of the question—if you run away, the mob pursue—and the first butcher or baker you meet, trips you up for a thief. I stood up to my pommelling to the great delight of the boys, but not a penny did it bring to the *ladies*; and seeing it was *no go*, they marched off, while I wended my way to the police-court, and got a summons for them, which fell to the ground, as there was some difficulty about *serving it*; I did not press the charge, as I did not wish to figure in the police reports of the daily papers, as a brawler in the streets. I venture to assert that the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M. P., has not suffered more in the cause of female emigration than I have; and sincerely hope he may never receive such *marks and tokens of gratitude* to dim his *prospects* or chill his ardour; nevertheless, I am persuaded that if a comprehensive plan of emigration upon a *grand scale* could be carried out, a very great boon and blessing would be conferred

upon society; however, to enter into this, requires greater space than I can now afford. The qualifications and testimonials required by the Society of which the honorable gentleman already-named is the head, *are such as would entitle a needle-woman, if she possessed them, to occupy a very respectable situation in society at home.* Why need she emigrate, if she is *virtuous, well-educated* to a certain extent—*well conducted, pious, exemplary*—in short, very little short of *perfection itself*. If the needle-women, or others, are to be measured by the scale of the society as set forth in their *programme*, or weighed in the balance, *few, indeed*, will be those *found worthy to ship off to Australia*—and, *even those*, as a gentleman remarked to me but yesterday, “*are the very sort of people we want at home.*” That the government plan is sadly deficient, or inefficient, and a sort of *bug-bear* to female emigration, is but too evident. Gross mismanagement there has been, and the voices of the injured have been echoed across the vasty deep, and re-echoed from Australia to England. It needed not the perusal of a pamphlet on female emigration by Mr. Samuel Sidney to confirm our worst apprehensions upon this head—the Blue Book, on Emigration, ordered by the House of Commons, July, 1849, is sufficiently explicit, and contains authentic and startling facts; since that period the abuse has not been abated a jot. We read in the daily papers of outrages on board emigrant ships—*of gross, brutal, oppressive treatment, by the seamen, mates and petty officers; especially of the single females on board the emigrant ship, “Indian,” on her voyage from England to Australia—the doctor displayed the most cruel indifference, &c.*” It hardly required such statements as those to go before the world, and to help the growing disinclination, and add to the *prejudice and ignorance* with which those philanthropists have to contend. Who now, with such a damning mass of information before him, would venture to advise a poor girl to embark for the colonies, in a government emigrant ship—“In truth, not I;” and, till some

better plan be shown, or project devised, should any apply to me for advice upon this ticklish point, I mean to refer them to the admirable Mrs. Chisholm,* *who has done more individually and single-handed* for unprotected immigrants and her indigent *compatriotes* in a "strange land" than any lady I have as yet heard of in this vast empire—our Sovereign Lady, the Queen, always excepted.

* Mrs. Chisholm has already taken out to Australia upwards of *eleven thousand* poor girls, and located them all in comfortable homes. —*Female Emigration, as it is, as it may be.*

"One person only in this colony has done anything effectual—anything on a scale which may be called large—to militate this crying evil, and to fix families on our lands in lieu of bachelors; and, strange to say, that one is an humble, unpretending, quiet, working *female* missionary (Mrs. Chisholm)—an immigrant missionary, *not a clerical one*. The singularity of her mission, looking at the nature of her work, is one of the most original that was ever devised or undertaken by man or woman; and the objects of the labour, the design, are beyond all praise."—*Female Emigration, as it is, as it may be.*

NOTE TO PAGE 25.

"Men learn languages for the ordinary intercourse of society and communication of thoughts in common life without any further design in their use of them, and for this purpose the original way of learning a language by conversation not only serves well enough, but is to be preferred as the most expedite, proper, and natural."—*Locke on Education.*